

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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LOVE AND PRIDE.

Love and I went wandering
Thro' pleasant places;
Life was to me—my life was in its spring—
Soft winds blew in our faces;
My name is Pride.
Love softly whispered, "I will be the guide."
"Not so," I laughed, in gay disdain,
"For Love is blind."
And on we wandered, thro' the summer
weather,
Crushing the fragrant flowers beneath our
anxious feet,
Unheeding all the glory, only feeling "Life
is sweet."
Love and I together,
Hope sang for us, and we were glad and gay;
But I was guide, and so we lost our way.
We came to desert places, dark and dreary,
All pleasant sights and sounds are gone;
And Love, sweet Love, sinks down a weary—
But I press on.
And all around me is the desert waste,
And I, alone, in agony of doubt and fear,
There is no light, no way, no one to comfort my
distress,
And, even now, my haughty words sound on
my ear.
Yet, even here, borne to me on the desert wind,
I scent the fragrance of the flowers I crushed
beneath my feet,
And I, unheeding, feel belied.
Ah, me! my pride is so rich, so sweet!
And I cry out with sudden bitter pain,
"Oh, take me back! Let me but wander 'mid
the flowers again!"
"Sweet Love, be thou the guide!"
"Alas! I cannot now," is Love's reply—
"For Love is blind."
A. ARBOTT.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

The parish of New Abbey, in Kircudbright, derives its name from a Cistercian abbey, founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century.
There used to be a lonely mill close by the little picturesque monastery; and this lonely mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.
It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill and his whole family went forth to hear the holy mass.
The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Jenny, a stout-hearted lass. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.
The girl was busily employed preparing dinner, when who should enter but an old sweetheart of hers, named Berriock Loochde, an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden the house; but she better, because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and gave him something to eat. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.
"Pick up that, my lass," said he in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.
She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife.
As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain caught her by the nose of the week, and gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while, drew a dagger from under his coat.
"Now, lass," he said, "swearing as he spoke, 'where's your master's money? I will have that or your life, so take your choice.'"
She implored him not to make such a horrible resolution, but "Master's money or your life, lass," was all he would say.
"Well, well, Berriock," said she, resignedly; "what is to be must be; but if you take the money I will even go along with you. This will be no home for me any more. But ease my gripe of my neck a little; don't squeeze so hard—I can't move—you hug me so tight. Besides, time presses, and if it be done at all it must be done quickly, for the household will shortly be back."
The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and finally let go his hold.
"Come," she said, "quick! quick! no delay. The money is in master's bedroom."
She led the way into her master's bedroom and pointed out the offer in which his money was concealed. "Here," she said, reaching him an ax, "this will wrench it open at once, and I shall just step up to my own apartment and get a few things ready for our flight."
"Go, lass," he said, "but not long."
He immediately broke open the chest and began rummaging the contents.
While he was employed the heartless girl stole down the stairs on tip-toe, and creeping softly down the passage reached the door of the chamber unseen by him and likewise unheard.
It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the ward and look him in.

This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill and gave the alarm.
"Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy. "Fly to father! Fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered, as he has not back. Fly! fly!"
The child at once obeyed the command of the mother, and sped as fast as his legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church.
A shrill whistle from the grating window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Berriock, reached her ears. "Robin! Robin!" she heard him shout, "catch the child and come hither. I am fast. Come hither! Bring the child here, and kill that girl!"
Jenny thought to herself that this alarm was a false one, but just as the child reached a hollow in the next field she saw another ruffian start up, and, catching him in his arms, hasten toward the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice.
In a moment she perceived her danger.
Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, and then took her post at an upper casement.
She had scarcely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child with one hand, and a long, sharp knife in the

other, assailed the door with kicks and curses of the most dreadful character.
"Outfoul thou!" he cried. "Open the door, or I'll break it on ye."
"If you can, you may," was all the girl replied.
"Cut the brat's throat," roared the imprisoned ruffian from above. "That will bring her to reason."
"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, "I'll back this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill on your head."
"I put my trust in God," replied the girl. "Never shall ye set foot within these walls while I have life to prevent ye."
The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward, and searching above espied a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and a point entirely unprotected, because it was never supposed by the simple occupants that any one would ever seek admission through such a dangerous inlet.
By this the ruffian found to effect an entrance.
All this was unseen by the girl within. Suddenly a thought struck her.
"It is Sunday," she said to herself. "I will not move now on the Sabbath. Suppose I not let it go now. It can be seen afar off. And happily my master and some of his neighbors, wondering at the sight, may hasten hither to learn the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed. "The God sent it me."
No sooner said than done.
The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity, the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle, the smaller gear turned and cranked and groined, according as they came into action; the mill was in full operation.
At this very instant the ruffian Robin had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum wheel.
His dismay was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation.
Jenny hastened to the spot and saw him caught like a reptile, as he was, in his own trap.
It need not be added that she did not liberate him.
She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt if he kept within his rotary prison.
Meanwhile the wheel went round with its steady, unceasing motion until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more.
A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and Jenny hastened thither.
It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbors. The unaccounted appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on Sunday had attracted their attention, and they hastened home from church to ascertain the cause.
Jenny in a few words told all.
The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel.
The other ruffian was brought down from the prison.
Both were then bound and sent off to the royal borough of Kircudbright, and in due time came under the hands of the town executioner.
It was not long till Jenny became a bride.
The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited.
Loss of Life in War.

It is a most curious thing about war, says M. Quad in the *Detroit Free Press*, that while a single bullet may now and then kill an enemy who thinks himself safely sheltered, hours of most terrific bombardment may not destroy one single life. During the two days' bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Federal gun boats, in October, when 1,115 shot were flung at the fort, not one single person was wounded, although nearly 1,200 missiles struck the walls or fell within.
Only one man, so far as can be found by the records, was ever struck by a missile during the war. On one occasion an officer who stood on the parapet directing the planting of a new flag-staff, was struck by a 15-inch shell which exploded on the instant. In no other way could a human being have been so thoroughly wiped off the face of the earth. Three or four coils of blood, the end of a finger and a bloody look of hair were all that could be found of the victim.
The heaviest loss of life occurred one evening in 1864. Thirteen confederates sought shelter from the fire of the monitors in a brick bomb-proof constructed a year before. A 800-pound Parrott shell from one of the fleet struck on such a manner as to cave in the brick roof on the man, and every one of them was crushed to death. As near as could be figured by those in the fort, one man was wounded by five thousand pounds of metal thrown, and one killed for every nine thousand five hundred pounds. By this figuring at least thirty 300-pound shells were thrown for every man killed. Placing the cost at the lowest figure, the Federal paid at least six hundred dollars in cash for every death in that fort. The operations around Charleston, directly aimed at Sumter, cost the Federal Government from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 and the loss of ten thousand lives.

SILVER BUTTRESS.—An Indianapolis preacher has been presented with a pair of silver buttons by a well-known gambler, because he said in a sermon that common gamblers were no worse than speculators in stocks, and the preacher accepted them. Now let him turn round and say that common gamblers are no worse than they'll give him a set of silver studs. A set showing dice with all the sixes upmost would be a neat device.

The End of a Duelist.

The Count de Larilliere, one of the well-known among the *brothers*, met one day in the street a business man named Caston walking with his young and pretty wife. He advanced to him and said, with a polite bow, "I beg your pardon, but I have made a bet with my friend here, whom I beg to introduce to you, that I would kiss your wife while she was walking with you"—here the other man turned livid—"after having given you a slap in the face."
Caston fought him next day with pistols. The Count's first shot hit Caston on the right ear, his second on the left. Before the third he said, *Cette fois je ferai mieux*, and with the third he shot Caston through the eye. Caston was avenged in a manner dramatic enough. One night, as Larilliere sat in his favorite seat in a cafe, while a masked ball was going on hard by, a stranger in a domino and mask came up to him, overturned his glass of punch, and ordered a glass of orange instead. Larilliere, for the first time in his life, turned pale, and cried: "You scoundrel; you don't know who I am." "Oh, yes," the stranger replied, "I know who you are quite well," and with the words forced him down into the chair from which he had risen. The organ was brought, and the stranger, holding a pistol to Larilliere's head, said: "Unless you drink this off I shall blow your brains out on the spot; if you do drink it off I will do you the honor of fighting you to-morrow." "With the sabre," cried Larilliere, who had lately been practicing with that arm. "How you like," said the stranger. Then as Larilliere drank off the orange, he added: "I have humbled you enough to-night. I put off killing you till to-morrow. The morrow came, the adversaries met, and Larilliere found that he had met his match. The stranger left him not a moment's breathing space; but never followed up his attacks until at last Larilliere cried in a hoarse voice: "What are you going to kill me?" "Now," said the stranger, for the first time using his sabre like a dueling sword, and lunging straight through Larilliere's heart. Masses were said in the churches of Bordeaux for this man, who kept his name secret, and who had rid the town of its scourge.—*The Saturday Review*.

Taxation in Vermont.

Vermont is about to take a new departure in taxation by assessing upon corporations within her borders the entire amount required to pay the expenses of the State Government. Railroads are to be taxed at the rate of two per cent. on earnings on two thousand dollars per mile of road, or on earnings of less than that sum; three per cent. on three thousand dollars; four per cent. on four thousand dollars; and five per cent. on five thousand dollars and over. Insurance companies will be taxed two per cent. per annum on the gross amount of premiums and assessments collected within the State, and one half of one per cent. on all surplus over the legal reserve. Savings banks and trust companies will be required to pay one and one half per cent. on the average amount of deposits and accumulations. Express, telegraph, and telephone companies will be assessed three per cent. on their gross receipts, and steamboat, car, and transportation companies two per cent. of their gross receipts. It is estimated that the annual amount thus raised will equal \$350,000, which will be amply sufficient to pay all the current expenses of the State.

ANOTHER VERSION.—Ben Perley Poore writes to the *Boston Journal* concerning Thurlow Weed's disclosure about the death of Morgan, as follows: "When in Smyrna, some forty years ago, I gathered a great deal of information about a mysterious American, who had come there soon after the Morgan excitement. He received quarterly remittances, and finally these were stopped. Were I disposed to give hearsay statements, I think that I could show that the mysterious stranger was Morgan, who was paid liberally by the Anti-Masons to absent himself, but who hoped after some years had elapsed to return to the State of New York; but I cannot prove the statement, and my own oath would not make my statements of what I saw, heard, and read, legal evidence."

DECEASED.—A Cairo newspaper says: "The Bedouins were greatly puzzled by the gurb of the Highlanders, who they came to the conclusion were not soldiers, but the wives of the soldiers. Distance, of course, encouraged this delusion, as bare legs were obviously more discernible than the men's faces, covered as they were, with veils. The Bedouins noticed that the soldiers' women camped by themselves, and they resolved to go down and spoil the infidel soldiers of their wives; and a body of them actually went, with a result which must have been to the wonderment of both, for the British harem turned out with rifle and bayonet, and very speedily thirty or forty of the Bedouins lay dead. After this episode the soldiers' wives were not again attacked by Arab Sheikhs who wanted to replenish their harems with English moonfaces."

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.—Of the 36,761,000 people in this country over ten years of age, nearly 5,000,000 cannot read and 6,239,000 cannot write. Of the number who cannot write, 3,019,000 are white, of whom 2,265,000 are native white and 754,000 foreign-born; 3,220,000 are colored, all practically native-born. Taking the whole population of what may be called the literate age, 17 per cent. are illiterate (cannot write); 9 per cent. of the whites and 8.7 per cent. of the native whites illiterate, 12 per cent. of the foreign-born and 70 per cent. of the blacks.

A DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

He Relates his Experiences in Running for an Office.
A candidate for office in New York City relates his little experience as follows: "While indulging in the most pleasant anticipation over the fact that I had been nominated," said he, "the door-bell would ring and a committee representing the 'Hickory Club' or the 'Jeffersonian Legion' would be ushered in. The Chairman and his associates were not usually dressed in the garb of 'our first citizens,' but nevertheless they showed a close familiarity with the politics of the district. They began by tickling my vanity with the announcement that my nomination is indorsed by every respectable man, regardless of politics, from one end of the ward to the other. At this point I urge them to accept some refreshments, and while I am busy putting away the empty glasses the 'Hickories' cast furtive glances at each other to demonstrate that the 'nigger' is hooked. The conference proceeds."

"The delegation denounces the political leaders on the other side, whom they charge with selfishness and corruption, and elevate their eyes to Heaven as they proclaim that, 'thank God, their downfall is near at hand.' I coincide in their view, of course, and am anxious for them to depart so that I can impart the interview to my wife, my cousins and my aunts, who are congregated in another room awaiting important scraps of information. At last the Chairman draws from his breast pocket \$20 worth of ball tickets. I do not pretend to conceal my poverty and remind my visitors that I only accept the nomination to rectify the very abuses which they complain of. While I am delivering a pathetic address in behalf of the unfortunate taxpayers, the Chairman of the 'Hickorys' casually mentions the fact that if the delegation were to visit my opponent he would be willing to take \$100 worth of tickets. The interruption carries weight with it, and with a sickly smile I hand over the \$20 and places the package of tickets on the mantelpiece."

"Well, the success of the 'Hickories' travels with the rapidity of prairie fire, and during the next twenty-four hours delegates from the 'Yankees,' 'Iron Cloud Mucketeers,' 'The Husky Socials' and a score of others put in their appearance, and if I part with my 'boodle,' I find that I have a volume of sympathy and a barrel of ball tickets. Suppose the position I aspire to is Member of Assembly, or, perhaps, Alkermas. If elected, the first will bring me in a salary of \$1,500, and the latter \$2,000. A week before election, having nothing particular to do for an hour or so, I think it wise to figure out my expenses up to that date, which is about as follows:

Assessment to central organization.....\$100
Assessment for nomination to district organization.....250
Printing.....312
Ball tickets to church fair.....100
Ball tickets.....100
Pocket money to friends who are round around in my interest.....200
Personal expenses in saloons and drinks for the boys at balls and parties (estimated).....450
\$1,612
'And six days yet to canvass.'

"I become desperate. The strikers are more numerous; and conceding that the race is likely to prove a close one, I hesitate to meet a single enemy, and for fear of losing what I have already spent, together with having my ambition for fame dashed to the ground, I bleed like a stuck pig. The ballots are sent to the headquarters of the district in small bags. Should the printer not make an error, by failing to bunch mine with the rest, I draw a sigh of relief, and escaping this danger, consider it an omen of victory. Before daybreak the ballot-boxes line the sidewalks in the vicinity of the polls. I am as happy and contented as a boy with red-top boots. I read with pleasure, mingled with a little streak of egotism, my name on the large mural posters. From poll to poll I walk, always seeking information on the condition of affairs from the representatives of my party."

"While chuckling over the splendid outlook, my eye rests upon the front of the President of the Hickory Club, who is guarding the ballot-box of my opponent. An angry scene follows. I am reminded of an injury to my chances for a street brawl will occur. I feel the logic and walk away, after impressing the 'Hickories' that when the polls close his friends will find it necessary to gather up his remains on a shovel. "Well, the terrible threat does not in the least disconcert the Hickories. The fight is over, the polls close and the watchers are at their stations. At eight o'clock the vote for Assembly is canvassed, and I find that I am beaten by over a thousand majority. I seek the repose of home, and the only stimulant to encourage me is the hope of 'getting square' on my false friends. Had I won it wouldn't have struck me until the congratulations of associates became stale that the race has cost me over \$2,000."

Greely as a Printer Boy.

A North Carolina Horse.

One very important industry of Mordehead City, N. C., says a local correspondent, is the raising of "ma'h ticks." The marsh tickle is a shaggy pony hardly larger than the Shetland, of light build and hardy. He lives in the water and will not eat corn or hay. He is brought up on the marsh grass, which he eats between tides. They cost literally nothing, breeding in droves as wild horses. Each drove has its leader, who sets the eating grounds and decides when the fides are going out or coming in. Once every year the owners have what is called a "pony panning." All the ponies along the coast, running into the thousands, are driven in by boats and either branded or sold. They bring from \$15 to \$30 apiece, and it is a tribute to their other wildness that a "broke" pony, that is, one that can be ridden or driven, is called a "trained tickle," and brings \$70.

They are in great demand in the middle part of the State, eating little and doing a heap of work. They run down to skin and bone before they learn to eat corn or hay, but theirutton rapidly and lose the ugly reddish color the salt water gives them. There are men who buy them in large numbers, train them to the mountains, and get fancy prices for them. As I write there is a drove of tickles marching in slow and stately procession against the horizon. The leader, bearing his responsibility with dignity, picks his way carefully, and his company follow with a blind sense of confidence. The water as it splashes about their legs glistens like shivered silver, and their red sides shine against the sun like bronze. On they go, as birds beat homeward in the twilight, growing smaller and more indistinct as they plod their steady way. At last they are but specks above the water, moving dumb and patient to some well-desired goal.

Education in Vermont.

Schools are managed in Vermont, says a letter writer on a basis even more intensely local than the towns are. Each town is divided into from six to sixteen school districts, small enough so that all children can easily reach a schoolhouse. Each district votes its own taxes, builds its own schoolhouse, hires its own teacher, and regulates its own term of school, the only compulsion being that school shall be taught six months in the year.

When they vote in the meetings, but they almost universally ignore that privilege. The poorer districts have no more school than the law requires—a summer term for the little children, and a winter term for all who can get through the exercises. The three Rs and geography are taught—arithmetic and spelling with especial attention; but not more than half the teachers comprehend geography in anything but an artificial sense, and they teach it inefficiently. Wealthier districts have eight or nine months of school, and populous ones employ two or even three teachers in the winter. In such cases a rough estimate is made to grade the pupils, those in the higher department being instructed in the mysteries of English grammar, United States history, book-keeping, algebra, and perhaps rhetoric.

I have seen in these schools astronomy, geometry, physics, English literature, and Latin. In addition to these the State is dotted over with academies, normal schools, and seminaries, where young men are fitted for college and young women for teaching. These are private schools more or less heavily endowed, where board and tuition are charged.

The larger villages maintain graded public schools, which do the work of the academies for the children of the villages. "Are you in favor of reducing the rate of postage on letters from 8 cents to 2 cents?" asked a correspondent of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General Elmer. "Most emphatically yes," was the reply. "I believe the time has come when it can be done without a jar to the system or danger that it will seriously cripple the postal revenues. Some people say that letter postage is cheap enough now, and that the surplus revenues, if any, should be devoted to giving them increased facilities. This is a mistaken notion; so far as postal facilities are concerned, there is hardly a reasonable ground for complaint. I think letter postage is certainly too high when it is greater than necessary. I should not expect any serious diminution of the revenues as a result of a decrease of the letter rate to 2 cents. The volume of correspondence would undoubtedly be swelled by such a reduction, and besides thousands of business men who now use printed circulars very extensively under the 1 cent rate rather than pay 8 cents would be willing to pay 2 cents for the privilege of sending under seal circular letters partaking somewhat of the nature of individual correspondence. A reduction of one-third in the stamp tax for carrying letters would be a benefit to all the people and would not be seriously felt by the National Treasury. It would be a popular act as well as one of wise policy."

AFTER THE CIGARETTE.—A Rutland lawyer has drawn a bill, and a member of the Vermont Legislature has introduced it, providing for the punishment of "manufacturers or vendors of cigarettes." "I did not include," says the promoter of this measure, "the various forms of tobacco that so long have been and are likely so long to be tolerated by considerate people, but sought only to protect an unfortunate imbecile class, for no one except a predestined, forced, and fool would ever smoke a cigarette."

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

WHAT WE FIND IN THE HUMOROUS PAPERS THIS WEEK.
How to Make Home Happy—A Cold—Fatherly Words, Etc., Etc.
HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.
The other night Jones went home in one of those heavenly moods which seem to fit a man for a better world, and after supper was over and the children had gone to bed, he sat down to spend an evening of unalloyed bliss with Mrs. J. The fact was a pretty book agent had sold him a new work that day, "How to Make Home Happy," and though he thought it best at present to leave it at the office and gradually introduce it into the family circle, he was inspired by a slight pressure of it to do better.

So he drew the most comfortable chair in front of the blazing coal fire in the parlor grate and seated himself for the evening, while Mrs. J. filled a rocker on his right.
"I say, Maria, this is comfort," he said, holding the newspaper between him and the two ardent glows of the fire.
"I'm glad you think so," answered Maria, shortly. "Perhaps if you had your lack to a cold room without any fire or any prospect of one, you might feel differently. You know the sitting-room stove—"

Jones felt that he had started an unlucky subject, and he hastened to guide the steed of conversation into smoother paths.
"That reminds me, Maria, of the old happy past. Do you remember when I used to visit you at your father's, and we would sit for hours gazing into the glowing depths of a wood fire?" mused Jones.
"I should think I did," responded Mrs. J. "I used to wonder if you would ever go. Mother was waiting to set the buckwheat cakes, the last thing, and we always had them heavy for breakfast. How you used to hang on, and how spoony you were!"
Failure number two; but Jones had braced up to stay in and make home happy for one evening, and the moral rectitude of his purpose sustained him. "They're started a reading club over at Sawyer's," he remarked presently.
"To keep him home nights, I suppose," suggested Mrs. Jones. "Well, it will take a club, and a good strong one, to do for my part, I should be glad to have it, but I don't see the way if he was to have him."

My husband. I wonder if he will ever get his wife that seal skin cloak he's been promising her?"
"Yes," said Jones, faintly, "he brought it home to-night."
"No! You don't mean it! Well, I will say this for Tom Sawyer, he's generous to a fault. And he's really bought her a seal-skin and their paw is right in front of ours! What luck some women do have. I suppose it's luck," and Mrs. Jones sighed in a depressed manner.

Mr. Jones took his hat and said there was a man—a customer of his—that was in town stopping at the Russell House, and he had nearly forgotten he had an appointment with him on business, and Mrs. J. skipped out and ran over to Sawyer's and tried the new seal-skin on, and the next day Jones gave that copy of "How to Make Home Happy" to his office boy and told him to sell it at a second-hand book store and keep the money.—*Detroit Post*.

HE GOT THERE.
Everybody who will stop to think must admit that the gates at the railroad depots are a wise provision. One must show his ticket before he can pass to the train, and it is not once in a thousand times that a passenger can go astray. And yet it galls and annoys lots of people to be halted and panned up and be obliged to exhibit their ticket.

Yesterday morning a very stern and dignified man with a grip-sack in his hand tried to walk through the gates at the Central Depot, and when asked for his ticket he laughingly replied: "It is in my pocket."
"Let me see it."
"I will not! My word should be proof that I have it!"
"Have to show your ticket, sir."
"I won't submit to any such indignity!" exclaimed the stern man, and he didn't. He entered the freight sheds, passed through a flour car, climbed over a car of hides and crept under a baggage car, and finally reached the train he was after. A brakeman stood at the steps and asked:
"Going West, sir?"
"No; going East."
"Then your train won't go for three hours and a half yet! This train goes West!"

And the worst of it all was the man at the gate and a dozen others caught on and raised such a laugh that the stern man went down into the freight house and hid behind a box-car.—*Detroit Free Press*.
A GOLD DAY.
One evening when Lucy's Papa had come home from the Office and eaten his Supper, he went into the Parlor and Planted Himself on the Sofa. After he had been there a Little While he noticed that Lucy did not come in and Make a Break at the piano, as was her custom. This puzzled the Old Gentleman greatly, but he was very happy, because the parents of girls who play the piano usually feel like taking an Ax to that instrument. But pretty soon Lucy entered the room, and began telling her Papa how much she loved him, and how Dark and Cheerless her life would be in case he should be called Above.
This sort of talk made her Papa feel rather solemn, for he had been to the races a good deal and would occasionally go Out With the Boys, and when a man gets on the Shady Side of fifty he doesn't particularly care to have people log the "Sweet By and By" into their conversation. But pretty soon Lucy placed her Lily-White Hand on her Papa's brow

and began to smooth his hair, saying how glad it would make her if she could only smooth the Furrows of Care that time had placed there. Then she artfully Shifted the Subject, and spoke of how cold the weather was getting and what lovely Bonelkin Squeaks she had seen in the store windows down town that afternoon.

Then her Papa saw what she was up to, and Popped Out Himself. So, by the time Lucy got around to that part of her talk where she put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and asked him to buy her a Bonelkin, he had nearly Arranged His Lie. He told her of how poor the crops had been, and that Trade was in a very dull state because of the uncertainty as to what office Ben Butler would want next, and Sung such a Song that Lucy began to think she was lucky to have a place to sleep in and a pair of Heavy Shoes for the winter.

"No, my child," he said, "I cannot think of spending Three Hundred Dollars for a Bonelkin Squeak when times are so hard." And Lucy said she was sorry she had mentioned the Subject, and went away feeling quite sorry for her Papa.

Soon after she had left the room her Big Brother came in. "I saw that Horse you were talking about," he said to his Papa.

"Did you?" asked the Old Gentleman.
"How fast can he go?"
"Two-thirty," replied the Big Brother, "and \$1,000 will buy him."

Rising quickly from the sofa, Lucy's Papa wrote a check and handed it to his Son. "Go and close the Trade to-night," he said, "and to-morrow afternoon I will make some of those people who think they own Trotters look like Hired Men."
So you see, children, that some Papa think more of beating Two-Forty than they do of making an Only Daughter happy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE JOKER ON THE OTHER SIDE.
Among many amusing anecdotes of the Russian Imperial family is told the following story of the eccentric Grand Duke Constantine. He, while at Warsaw, gave a splendid banquet to a number of the great Polish nobles, to each of whom, at the conclusion of the feast, an ordinary tallow candle was served on a plate by the attendant lacquys. As soon as all his guests were supplied, the grand duke, who had given orders that an inflation candle, admirably executed in pastry, should be placed upon his plate, rose from his seat, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us eat to the honor of Russia, the favorite national comestible of my country. Look at me. This is the way to do it." So saying, he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and inserted therein two or three inches of the dainty in question. As he closed his mouth, however, the expression of his countenance suffered an extraordinary change. One of the noblemen, sitting in his immediate vicinity, had contrived to substitute his own genuine tallow candle for the pastry imitation set before the grand duke.

FATHERLY WORDS.
N. P. W. writes: "I am a young man twenty-five years old. I am in love with a young lady of seventeen. Her mind being very different from mine I have not told her of my love, nor asked to call on her. I thought her so giddy that she did not want any steady company. She is a great lover of amusement. She is a perfect lady in her deportment, although she is more like a child of fourteen than a young lady of seventeen. I think she is very pretty, but she seems to enjoy flirting to the greatest extent. One evening at a party I asked her to promenade with me, and she would not do it. I then asked her to allow me to bring her refreshments, which she would not do. I then asked her to let me take her home when she was ready to go, and the answer was, 'No, I will not do any such thing,' and turning round she left me. I have met her several times since. She always looks so me. Everywhere she meets me she recognizes me pleasantly. Now, did I do wrong in asking her those privileges at the party, I having no introduction to her? I am still in love with her?"

After she had refused to promenade with you, and had declined to permit you to bring her refreshments, it was pressing matters rather too far for you to ask her to allow you to accompany her home "whenever she got ready to go." Still, as she treats you kindly whenever you meet, it is evident that you did not offend her very deeply. Perhaps she sees that you love her, and does not wish to discourage you.
You were no doubt a little previous in trying to get acquainted with the young lady. She may be giddy, but she has just about sized you up in shape, and no doubt if you keep on trying to love-her without her knowledge and consent, she will hit you with something and put a Brise named over your eye. Do not years to win her affections all at once. Give her twenty or thirty years in which to see your merits. You will have time to entitle you to her respect by that time, no doubt. During that time you may rise to be President and win a deathless name.

The main thing you have to look out for now, however, is to restrain yourself from marrying people who do not want to marry you. That style of freshness will, in thirty or forty years, wear away. If it does not, probably the vigorous big brother of some "young lady of seventeen" will consign you to the silent tomb. Do not try to promenade with a young lady unless she gives her consent. Give her a chance. She will appreciate it, and even though she may not marry you, she will permit you to sit on the fence, and watch her when she goes to marry some one else. Do not be despondent. Be courageous, and some day perhaps you will get there. At present the horizon is a little bit foggy.
As you say, it may be so giddy that she doesn't want steady company. There is a glimmer of hope in that. She may be waiting till she gets over the agony and annoyances of testing before she looks seriously into the matters of matrimony. If that should turn out to be the case, we are not surprised. Give her a chance to grow up, and in the meantime go and learn the organ-grinder's profession and sell yourself so that you can provide for a family. Sometimes a girl only seventeen years old is able to discern that a young intellectual giant like you is not going to make a dazzling success of life as a husband. Brace up and try to forget your sorrow. N. P. W., and you may be happy yet.—*Buff. N.Y.*

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THE "FALSE PROPHET."

The New Chief Who is Causing so much Trouble in Egypt.

For a very long time a tradition has floated among the Mohammedans of the East that a new prophet would arise in this present year, 1882.

This prophet would rekindle the waning faith and the warlike spirit of the followers of Mahomet everywhere. He would free the faithful people of Allah from bondage to other nations, restore to the Caliph (the Sultan) his lost possessions and increased power, and would fire the world of Islam with a new crusade. It is true that the tradition has been repeated from month to month in the bazars of Constantinople, among the marts of Damascus, and in the streets and temples of Holy Mecca.

Some weeks ago, an obscure Arab suddenly announced himself as the prophet whom the tradition had fore-foreshadowed. He rapidly gathered to himself a semi-barbarous army, raised the sacred standard of Islam, and began his crusade. But he was soon denounced in the great temple at Mecca by the Grand Sheriff as an impostor, and was branded as a "false prophet," and ever since he has been called by that epithet.

Yet he has resolutely resuscitated his prophetic power and mission, and at the last accounts was marching, with his savage army of troops, into the heart of lower Egypt. He had captured the Soudan, the southern provinces conquered and annexed several years ago by the Egyptian Khedive Ismail, and his advance was spreading alarm and panic through the heart of that hapless country, so recently the seat of war.

The strength of the "false prophet" lies in the vivid imagination and the religious fanaticism of the Mohammedan races. Although separated and rent by

chism and warring in power, the followers of Mahomet cling with fatalistic tenacity to their creed and their allegiance to the Koran.

The Jews have not more fondly dreamed that they would one day all be gathered together again in the holy places of Palestine, than have the Mohammedans that they would resume a career of conquest and glory, and would, by the sharp argument of the sword, convert Christianity itself to Mahomet's teachings.

The tradition spoken of has undoubtedly taken a strong hold on their Oriental fancy. It has filled their hearts with hope and ambition. They have long mourned at the decay of their power, at the helplessness and humiliation of their Caliph, the Sultan. They certainly long to see a great Mohammedan leader arise, who, with the genius of a Napoleon and the faith of a martyr, will arouse Islam from its apathy and conquer for it the mastery of the world.

The Mohammedans swarm by millions throughout the East. They are subject to England in India, to the Shah in Persia, to the Khedive in Egypt, to France in Algiers and Tunis, to Russia in Central Asia, and to the black Christians in Abyssinia. Everywhere their fortunes are low and their cause is depressed. They accept their fate, no doubt, with the sad serenity which was enjoined by Mahomet himself; but they ever watch and wait to throw off the thralldom of foreign masters, and to make the world ring with the clash of their arms and the heroism of their deeds in the cause of Islam.

The "false prophet" does not meet with the recognition of the Caliph, or the high priests of the faith at Mecca, and his mission will doubtless fail.

But it may well be that at a period not distant, we shall see a great uprising of the Mohammedans, prepared as they ever now are, and only needing the fire of warlike genius to set ablaze a conflagration.—*Yonk's Companion*.

A Plot for a Novel.

The plot for a melodrama is already prepared for the playwright in the story of Douglas R. Hale, which has made a great sensation in Chicago and Milwaukee. Not long ago Mr. Hale was the manager of the Chicago Clearing House and stood high in the esteem of bankers and in society. While in this position his house was robbed. The burglar was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. In course of some

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